

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.

Prof. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pittieous heart
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme:

I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know

Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time

I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand.
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I haue with such prouision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Berid to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit
For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You haue often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootlesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.

Prof. The how's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine care,
Obey, and be attentiu. Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Prof. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off:

And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or fiftie women once, that tended me?

Prof. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest bought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Prof. Twelue yere since *Miranda* twelue yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princeesse; no worfe Issued.

Mira. O the heavens,

What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

Prof. Both, both my Gidle,
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes

To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Prof. My brother and thy vncke, call'd *Anthonio*:

I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The manage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Government I cast vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncke
(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them: who's aduance, and who
To trash for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
To what tune pleas'd his care, that now he was
The luy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglected worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate in my false brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reueneu yeilded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'st thou heare?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

Prof. To haue no Schisme between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(so drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heavens:

Prof. Marke his condition, and th' euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sinne

To thinke but Noble of my Grand-mother,

Good

Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brother's suite,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and i'th' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mr. Alack, for pittie:

I not remembring how I ride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That weings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent.

Mr. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set
A marke so bloudy on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-board a Barke,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyt vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to sigh
To th' winde, whose pittie fighting backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong.

Mr. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin

Thou was't that did preferue me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
Against what should enue.

Mr. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prouidence diuine,

Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan* *Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this designe) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessities
Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnish'd me
From mine owne Librarie, with volumes, that
I prize about my Dukedome.

Mr. Would I might

But euer see that man.

Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princeesse can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.

Mr. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
For rayting this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my prescience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
A most auspicious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare cease more questions,
Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come.

Ari. All haile, great Master; graue Sir, haile: I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride
On the curld clouds; to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Haft thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ar. To every Article.
I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Wasse, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and ioyn. *Jones* Lightning, the precursors
O'th' dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And fight out running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

Ar. Not a soule

But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Lung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
Then all as fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
With haire vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.

Pro. Why that's my spirit:
But was not this nye shore?

Ar. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariel*) safe?

Ar. Not a haire perisht:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I haue disperid them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleet?

Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou call'dst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid;
The Mariners all vnder hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charme ioyn'd to their suffred labour
I haue left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet

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Which